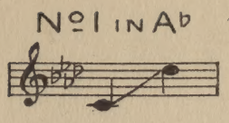

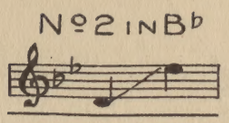

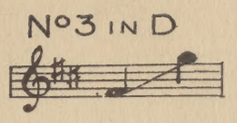

TERRE DE L'AVENIR
(CANADA, TERRE CHÉRIE!)

LAND OF GLAD TO-MORROWS
(CANADA OUR OWN HOME LAND)

SONG

WORDS & MUSIC
BY

GORDON V. THOMPSON

FRENCH LYRICS BY
MAURICE MORISSET

Arrangements	
Vocal Solo (3 keys)	50¢
Mixed Quartette	15¢
Male "	15¢
Band	50¢
Orchestra	50¢

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Land of Glad To-Morrows

(Canada Our Own Home Land)

TERRE DE L'AVENIR

(Canada, terre chérie!)

I.

Land of glad to-morrows,
  Canada our own,
Daughter of Britannia,
  Be thy glory known!
Deeds of glowing valour
  Crowd thy story's page;
Noble parts await thee
  On the world's new stage.

CHORUS:

'Tis the land of glad to-morrows,
  Our own Canadian home,
So to-day forget your sorrows
  And sing of her where e'er you roam!
In the sky there shines a rainbow
  That the Lord Himself hath planned:
God save our King our Empire dear
  And Canada our own home land!

II.

Shadows have departed,
  Dark was yesterday;
Now a golden sunrise
  Dawns upon thy way.
Forward then with courage!
  Onward to thy goal!
Glad be thy to-morrows
  While the years unroll!

GORDON V. THOMPSON.

I

Terre de l'avenir,
Fille de la France,
Je veux te voir grandir,
Pays d'espérance!
Canada, ton histoire
Resplendit de gloire;
Tu n'es qu' à ton matin,
Poursuis ton destin!

REFRAIN

C'est la terre de l'avenir,
Pays du souvenir!
Chantons les heureux lendemains,
Oublions bientôt nos chagrins!
La promesse de l'Éternel
Paraît déjà dans le ciel:
Dieu sauve le Roi, la patrie,
Le Canada, terre chérie!

II.

Ton jour est arrivé,
Brillant et sans voiles,
Ton rêve est achevé,
Fixe ton étoile!
Écris une autre page,
En avant, courage!
Chemine avec fierté
Vers la liberté!

Maurice Morisset.

Land of Glad To-Morrows

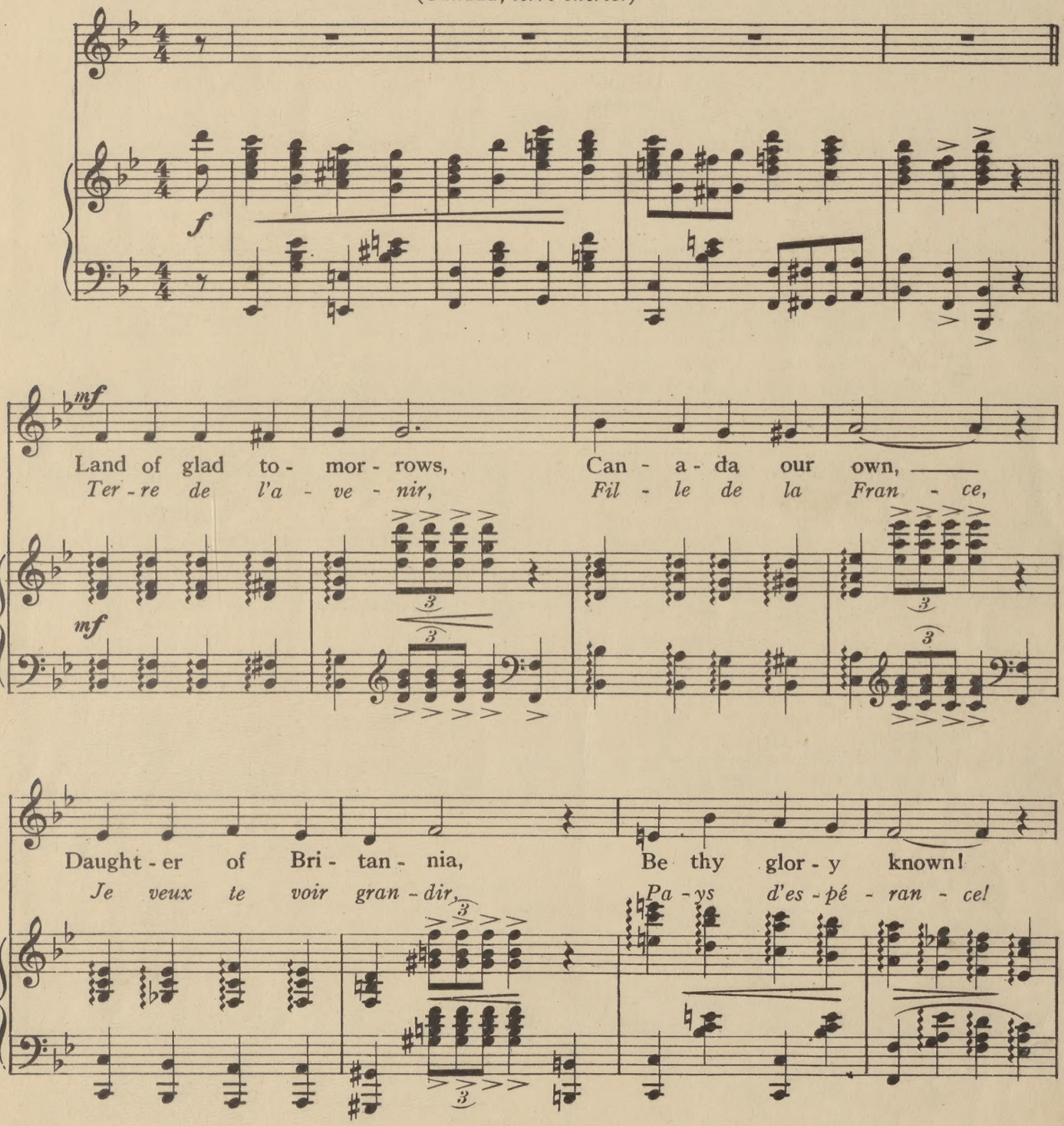
(Canada Our Own Home Land)

TERRE DE L'AVENIR

(Canada, terre chériel)

Paroles de
MAURICE MORISSET

Words and Music by
GORDON V. THOMPSON


f
mf
Land of glad to- mor- rows, Can- a- da our own,
Ter- re de l'a- ve- nir, Fil- le de la Fran- ce,
mf
Daught- er of Bri- tan- nia, Be thy glor- y known!
Je veux te voir gran- dir, Pa- ys d'es- pé- ran- ce!

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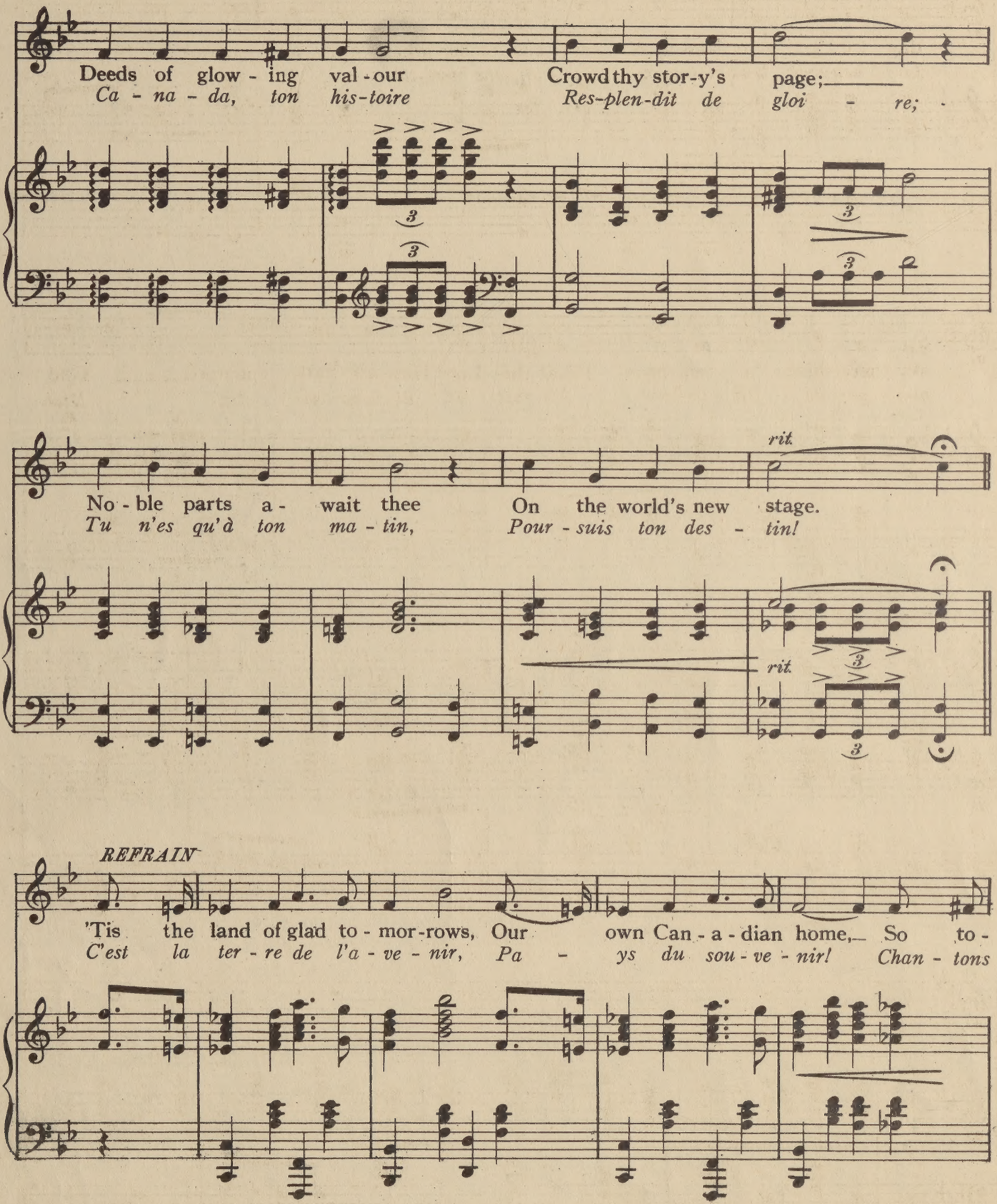
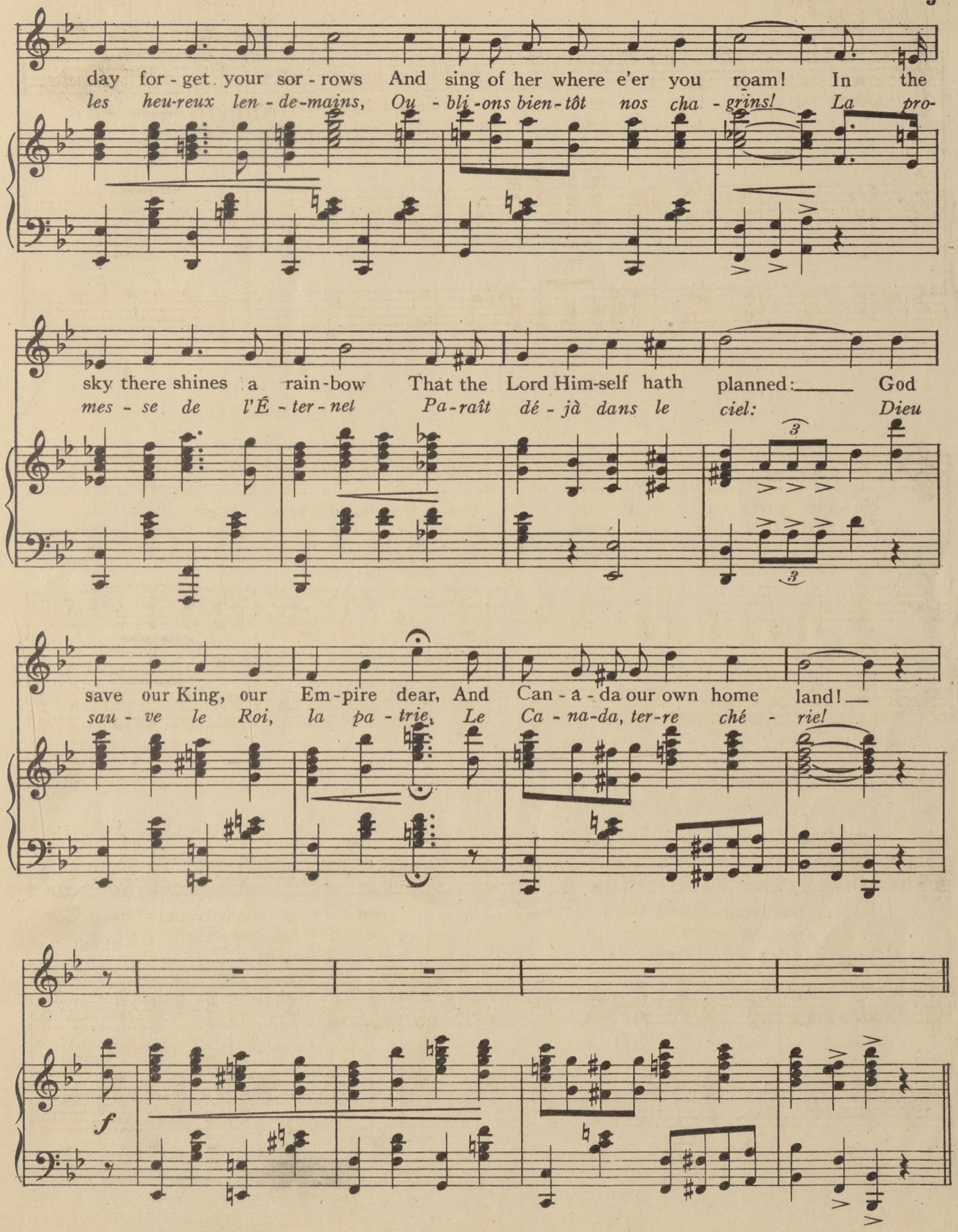
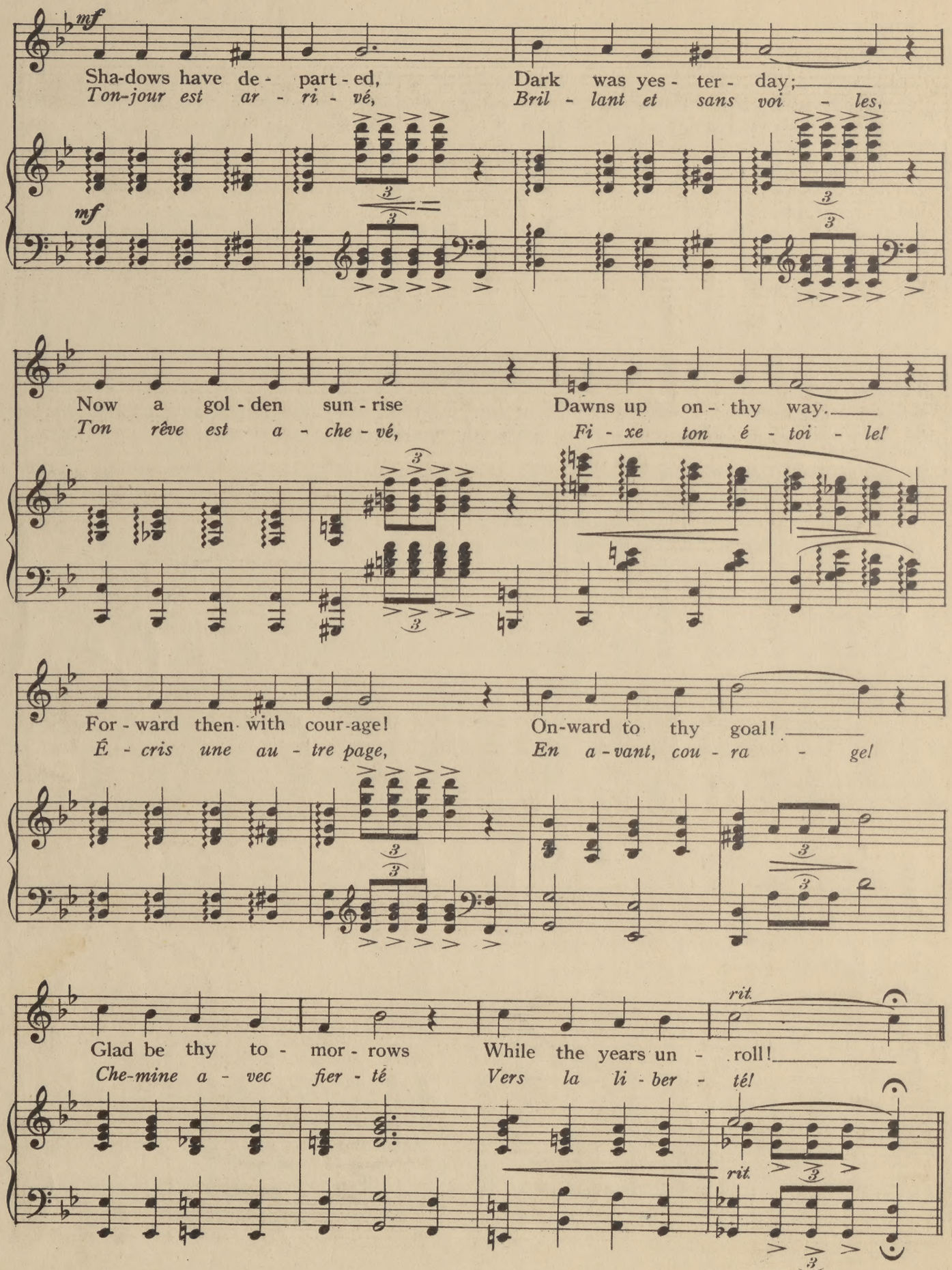
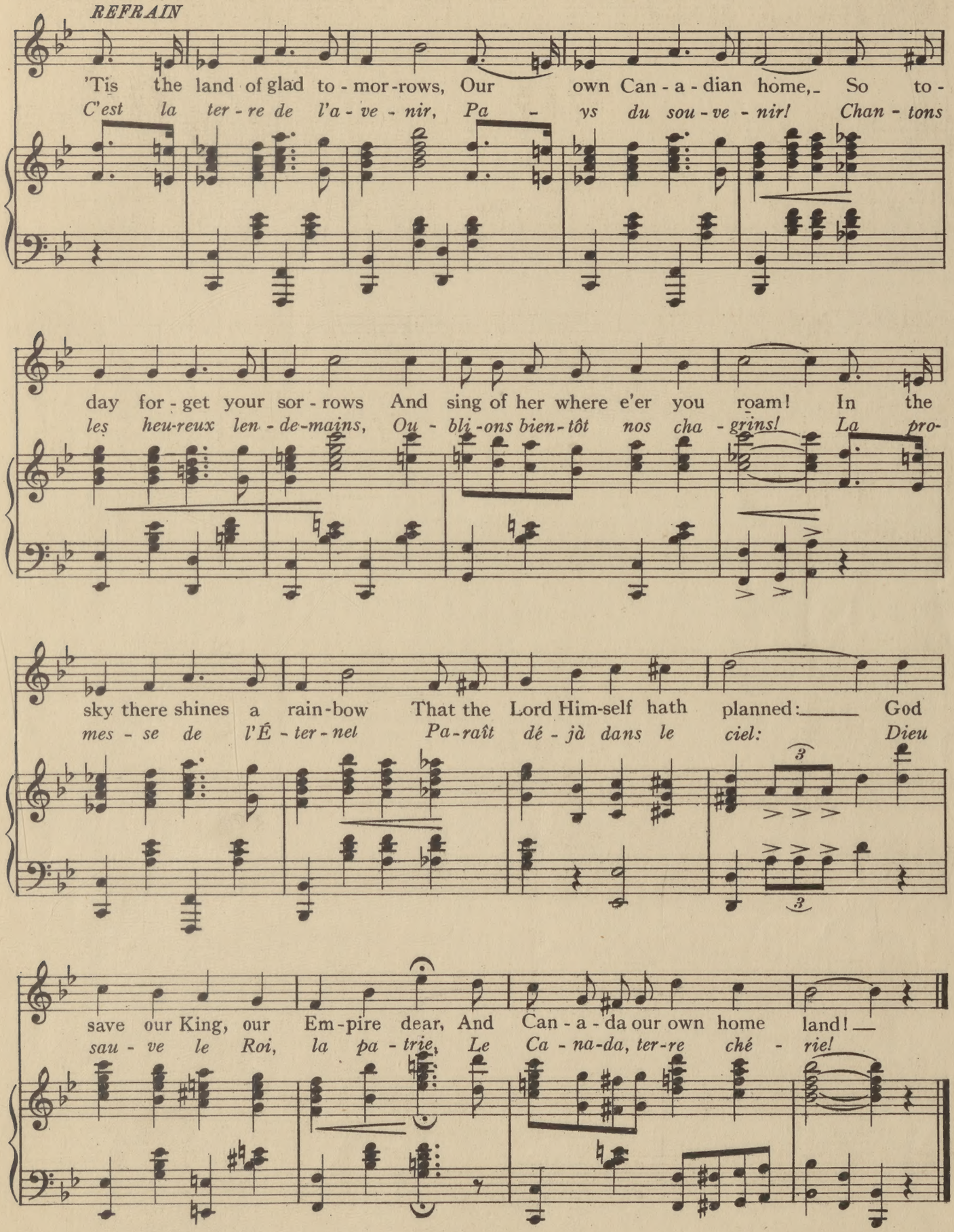

Deeds of glow - ing val - our Crowd thy stor-y's page;
Ca - na - da, ton his-toire Res-plen-dit de gloi - re;
rit.
No - ble parts a - wait thee On the world's new stage.
Tu n'es qu'à ton ma - tin, Pour - suis ton des - tin!
rit.
REFRAIN
'Tis the land of glad to - mor-rows, Our own Can - a - dian home, So to -
C'est la ter - re de l'a - ve - nir, Pa - ys du sou - ve - nir! Chan - tons


day for - get your sor - rows And sing of her where e'er you roam! In the
les heu-reux len - de-mains, Ou - bli-ons bien-tôt nos cha - grins! La pro-
sky there shines a rain-bow That the Lord Him-self hath planned: God
mes - se de l'É - ter - nel Pa-raît dé - jà dans le ciel: Dieu
save our King, our Em-pire dear, And Can - a - da our own home land!
sau - ve le Roi, la pa - trie, Le Ca - na-da, ter-re ché - rie!
f


mf
Sha-dows have de- part-ed, Dark was yes- ter- day;
Ton-jour est ar - ri - vé, Bril - lant et sans voi - les,
mf
Now a gol - den sun - rise Dawns up on- thy way.
Ton rêve est a - che - vé, Fi - xe ton é - toi - le!
For - ward then with cour-age! On-ward to thy goal!
É - cris une au - tre page, En a - vant, cou - ra - ge!
Glad be thy to - mor - rows While the years un - roll!
Che-mine a - vec fier - té Vers la li - ber - té!
rit.
rit.


REFRAIN
'Tis the land of glad to-mor-rows, Our own Can-a-dian home, So to-
C'est la ter-re de l'a-ve-nir, Pa-ys du sou-ve-nir! Chan-tons
day for-get your sor-rows And sing of her where e'er you roam! In the
les heu-reux len-de-mains, Ou-bli-ons bien-tôt nos cha-grins! La pro-
sky there shines a rain-bow That the Lord Him-self hath planned: God
mes-se de l'É-ter-nel Pa-raît dé-jà dans le ciel: Dieu
save our King, our Em-pire dear, And Can-a-da our own home land!
sau-ve le Roi, la pa-trie, Le Ca-na-da, ter-re ché-rie!

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YOUR HEART LOOKED INTO MINE

Music by Raymond Hubbell

Low Voice in Eb

CHORUS

When first your heart looked in - to mine, And read the mes - sage there, My cares all went, I knew 'twas meant In an - swer to my pray'r. The bless - ed bliss of that first kiss, Re - vealed a love di -

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High Voice in F

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Music by Harold Samuel

Low Voice in D

REFRAIN Moderato

When you're jog, jog, jog-gin' a-long the white road With your luck all up-side down, Well, you don't much care if you're on the right road, When you're bound for No - where - town. I'm just as hap-py in the by-ways, My ways, where - so - ev - er I may

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Low Voice in C

REFRAIN

Some - one, some-where in the world is sigh-ing for you, Some - one, some-where in the world is cry-ing for you, And tho' your heart may be ach - ing and tak-ing most of the blame, Sleep - ing and wak - ing, an - oth - er heart is the same; Some - one,

p *L.H.* *L.H.* *L.H.* *L.H.* *rit.* *a tempo* *L.H.*

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